THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Vol. XIV NOVEMBER, 1927 No. 11

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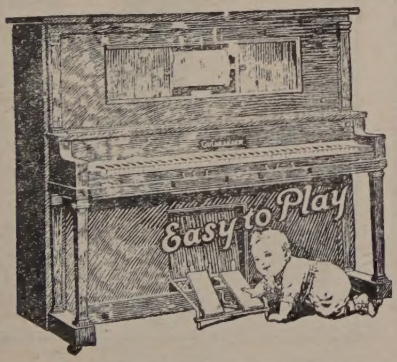

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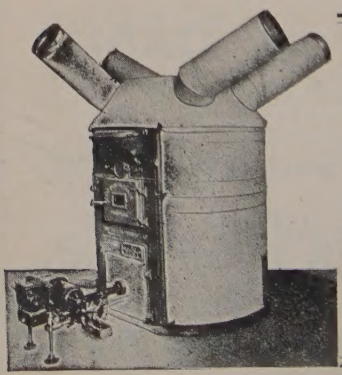

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Friendship

By Elsie C. Carroll

I did not know what friendship meant
Till trouble came to me;
I did not know the many ways
That friends could friendly be.

I did not know how many hands
Would help me bear my cross;
I did not know how many hearts
Would sorrow at my loss.

I did not know the blessedness
Of just a word; a tear;
The pressure of a hand; a sigh;
The silent standing near

And breathing just a little prayer
That shines from out the eyes;
Of just a written line of hope;—
All these I've learned to prize.

And I have learned the world can't be
As empty as it seems,
When all one's love and joy are dead.
The light of friendship gleams.

And like a little torch it sheds
A halo in the dark—
A radiance that warms and spreads
Until it strikes a spark.

Within the soul made desolate,
On humble knees I bend
And pray that I may learn to be
In times of need—a friend!

ARIZONA TEMPLE

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XIV NOVEMBER, 1927 No. 11

Visitors Thronged the Portals of the Arizona Temple

By Fay Ollerton, M. A.

Five years ago the temple grounds at Mesa, Arizona, were part of an irrigated tract, close to the desert mesquite and cactus; and the interior of a "Mormon" temple was an enticing mystery to the uninitiated. Today a building, beautiful in its classic simplicity and gleaming walls of white terra cotta, stands in the center of green lawns, brilliant flowers, and slender cypress trees; and thousands of tourists pass weekly through the temple portal.

They go in, many of them inclined to be amused, and afire with curiosity. But when they exit through the entrance door, with its inscription, "Holiness to the Lord," the questioning look is gone, and they walk with unseeing eyes through the long foyer of comfortable seats and vases of flowers and out of the hallway, as if they, too, had received some longed for understanding. If they come out not temple worshipers, they are at least impressed and silenced by the beauty they have witnessed.

The Arizona temple has been open many months to all who throng the highway. And the highway, for the "Mormon" building lies on the south side of the old Apache trail, now a smooth band of cement. In less than two years 150,000 tourists, three-fourths of whom are non-Church members, have been guided through the temple, either by Elders Irvin King and Raymond Stewart of the California mission, or volunteers from the Maricopa stake. At the time of this writing, a little less than a month before the temple will be forever closed to chance visitors, the tourists are flocking in by the hundreds and thousands daily. On the third Sunday in September more than fifteen hundred of them thronged the building, one group following on the literal heels of another.

For some time, Tuesday has been the only week night open to visitors outside the Church, but so great has been the demand that every night for a month previous to the dedication, the gates will be opened.

The devotees come, not as they did to temples of old, on camel back and bearing gifts; instead they ride in cars: rattling rusty ones of the modern hobo, camp-laden ones of the vacationist, and the upholstered purring limousines of the wealthy. In place of the gifts they ride laden with questions, and they do not leave the sacred building until their interest has been fed.

Every week an average of thirty-three states and two or three foreign countries are registered. It is rather a strange fact that of all the races, the negroes seem to be the most interested. Practically every negro in Arizona, and Arizona, considering her small population, has a large number of them, has visited the temple at least once. They go through the building in specially conducted groups, and they listen intently to the explanations given in the lecture rooms.

It is to James W. Lesueur, many years head of the Maricopa stake, and present assistant to the chief official in the temple, that honor goes for first suggesting the building to President Joseph F. Smith. Mr. Lesueur has been one of the voluntary guides and has taken many interesting persons on his rounds. Descendants of the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon have gone through with him; Oliver Cowdery's grandson from Cleveland, the grandson of David Whitmer, and Lehi Harris, worker on the temple and grandson of Martin Harris.

Through cooperation with the railroads and automobile companies, the visitors have been made acquainted with the temple. Governor Lowden spent several interesting hours with Ex-president Lesueur. John Galsworthy came to Mesa, prepared to stay until his curiosity concerning the "Mormons" was satisfied. He was in the temple more than three hours, carefully questioning his guide.

"He took little interest in the building itself," Mr. Lesueur said, "he wanted to know about our belief and philosophy, and how we managed to keep our contacts with the young people of the Church."

Another noted visitor was Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt. One day thirty financiers and professional men, some of whose names are household words, were in the temple for an afternoon. Among them were Mr. Curtis and his wife of the *Saturday Evening Post,* and their interest rivalled that of the English novelist.

A woman came to the temple one afternoon with the announcement that she had read of the Mesa building in a Buffalo paper, and had straightway crossed the continent. "I've always wanted to see the inside of a 'Mormon' temple," she confessed, "and I decided this would be my one chance." Harold Bell Wright, for many years an inhabitant of Arizona, has written to know the latest date of the temple's closing, and if he may be admitted. Equally anxious is the Contractors' and Builders' Union of the Pacific Coast. This organization recently requested the officials to allow them to inspect the building one day after its official closing on October 16.

Perhaps one of the most prolific days in Church history came when a car with eight persons stopped on the Apache Trail long enough to inquire about the new building. They lingered in the temple for several hours and returned later. Not long after, they were all baptized.

"It is a fact," Ex-president Lesueur said, "that more than a hundred baptisms in this county alone can be directly traced to the influence of the temple."

And so the visitors continue to pour in. The members of other churches in the surrounding country, who have long been familiar with "Mormon" tenets, show greater interest in the building, the missionary guides say. They want to know what the panels on the outside walls represent, the significance of the beautiful baptistry resting on the twelve terra cotta oxen, and the interpretation of the picture representing the creation of the world. Visitors from more distant parts appreciate the loveliness of the rooms, but question the guides as to beliefs and customs.

Yet there are two rooms, the last to be visited, that invariably haunt the tourists with a desire to return. The first is the room typifying the future, beautiful in its chaste ivory lines, and the other the celestial room, its simplicity relieved by hangings of rich red velvet, Persian rugs, and especially designed furniture and mirrors. Opening from this room are the two small chambers where marriage is performed, and the visitors are always agog with curiosity when they step onto the soft rugs and smell the flowers from Salt River Valley gardens.

"Is it true," one interested matron asked, "that all 'Mormon' children over twenty-one have to obey their parents when they have been sealed to them?" She looked as if she would immediately become a member of that faith if the guide answered in the affirmative.

As yet the plans for the dedication have not been defi-

nitely announced. It is thought that the dedicatory services will be held two or three times daily for a week, and that most of the Church authorities will be in attendance. A special anthem has been written; it, with the prayer, will be given at all meetings. Ten choirs will be present, one Indian choir from the Papago ward. The Los Angeles and Hollywood choirs will sing early Sunday morning from the roof of the temple. Mesa with its charm of broad streets shaded by drooping peppers, lacy tamarisks, and inviting palms, is making itself even more beautiful for the event. The inhabitants expect more visitors than have yet come at one time during the last six months that the temple has been completely furnished.

These visitors, while they will not, in a sense, be more welcome than the preceding ones, will be those who have long looked forward to the day when the Southwest will have its own gathering place. Their welcome will be one of completer understanding, for they, with the Latter-day Saints in Maricopa stake, are happy in the thought that the young people will not have to make the expensive journey northward, and that the older members can realize desires of spending their fading years in one of the temples.

Dedicatory week, beginning on October 23, will be joyful days for the visitors and the dwellers of the desert oasis.

Thanksgiving

By A. Henderson

We thank thee for the winds that sing,
The gentle rain, that tinkling falls,
The purple dawn, the frosts that cling,
The voice of love that thrilling calls.

We thank thee for the ripened grain,
Hope's harvest gathered into sheaves,
For those who labor less for gain,
Than for the good their spindle weaves.

We thank thee for a faith restored,
We thank thee for the faults confessed,
And when life's harvest, too, is stored,
We thank thee God for rest.

MRS. INEZ KNIGHT ALLEN

Member of General Board

Inez Knight Allen

Mrs. Inez Knight Allen, well-known to a host of friends in Relief Society circles, was called to the General Board of that organization, August 17, 1927. She is a woman of outstanding ability and personal charm, praticularly gifted as a leader.

She was born on a ranch near Payson and is the eldest daughter of Jesse Knight and Amanda McEwan Knight. The ranch had to adjust itself to practically all the needs of the family, consequently father and mother had to be teachers in addition to all the other duties exacted from parents on behalf of their children. Here Inez learned to write and spell and recite the multiplication tables. In the evening the ranch was regaled with visits from farm boys, who joining with the children of the Knight family, held good, lively spelling matches. To this home training was added two terms spent in the Payson public schools.

The Knight family now moved to Provo that the children might have better educational advantages. As a result, Inez entered the preparatory department of the Brigham Young Academy in 1889, remaining until 1896, when her course of study was completed.

Her Church work began with the teaching of a Sunday School class in 1896. In 1898, this work was suddenly brought to an end by a call for a mission to England. This was somewhat startling to neighbors, as prior to this time women had been called on missions only in connection with their husbands. Mrs. Allen shares the honor with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Jennie B. Knight, of being one of the first unmarried women to be called to do regular work in the mission field. While performing her mission she attended the session of the International Council of Women.

While on her mission she assisted in conference work all over England and Wales, did six months work in Bristol, and eighteen months in the London district. While touring the continent she visited France, Germany, Switzerland and Holland. On her return from her mission she acted as matron of the Brigham Young University for two years, a position comparable to that of Dean of Women. At the same time she served her father as secretary, at a period when his business was daily reaching larger and larger proportions.

On June 11, 1902, she married R. E. Allen, son of President Thomas L. Allen of Summit stake. Five sons have

been born to their union, the third while his father was serving as a missionary in the British Isles. Three of the sons have been called on missions. Two are at the present time in the mission field, while the two younger sons are doing college work in the Brigham Young University.

Mrs. Allen's Relief Society work began in the office of secretary, a position which she held from 1904 to 1905. At the same time she taught the first parents class organized in the first ward of Provo, the ward in which she has lived since her marriage. On January 10, 1906, she was called to be a counselor to Martha B. Keeler, President of the Utah Stake Relief Society. She has always valued her connection with Mrs. Keeler, for with her she became initiated into Relief Society work. During this period Mrs. Allen acted as chairman of a committee of the Utah Stake Board, to whom was committed the work of preparing and publishing a five year outline of study, a pamphlet which was used throughout Utah stake and in a number of other stakes, by permission of the General Board. This was before the General Board published outlines of study. Utah Stake had used some outlines prior to this time, prepared by President Martha B. Keeler. Mrs. Allen's work was a continuation in this line. When, in 1918, Mrs. Keeler saw fit to retire as President of the Utah stake, Mrs. Allen was appointed president, a position which she held from February, 1918, to January, 1924.

Her term of office was a very progressive term. The method of doing charity work was in a sense revolutionized. A trained social worker was engaged and installed in the office and a community welfare system taking into account modern scientific methods of doing welfare work, was inaugurated. The progress made in this work, which was new and exceedingly difficult, marked Mrs. Allen as far-sighted and as a leader of tact and insight.

She has always been interested in public affairs. She was the chairman of the Utah County Council of Defense and Liberty Loan Committe during the World War. During Mr. Mabey's incumbency as governor, she acted on the State Welfare Board. She was vice-chairman of the County Red Cross, a position which she filled in a notable manner. She is the only woman in Utah county who has received the nomination on a ticket for the State Senate, and in 1924, she served her party as a delegate in the National Convention, which was held in New York City.

She has inherited great sympathy and understanding of human kind from her parents and possesses in a very marked degree the philanthropic spirit of her father. She comes to

the General Board well prepared for the work, gifted as a speaker, with a breadth of vision and depth of feeling that makes her intelligent in her judgments and sympathetic and tender in all her contacts.

Ida Peterson Beal

The Junior member of the General Board of the Relief Society is Ida Peterson Beal. In her womanhood she reveals all the charm that her girlhood promised. She was born in Ephraim, Sanpete county, and is the youngest daughter of the late President Canute Peterson and Charlotte Eckstrom Peterson. Her home is described, by one who is well acquainted with it, "as a good, old-fashioned, hospitable home where every stranger found a welcome." Her early education was received in the grade schools at Ephraim and later in the Snow Academy, from which she was graduated.

Following her work at Snow Academy she attended the Brigham Young University, where she remained nearly three years. She specialized in music in that institution, and under the able training of Professor A. C. Lund, made rapid advancement. While at the Brigham Young University she had one of the most musical and truly beautiful voices that has ever been heard in the institution. She will be remembered by those who recall her work there as one of the first of Professor Lund's students to receive general recognition and admiration because of her unusual gift of song. She took the leading role in the first opera staged by the music department, playing opposite to Oscar A. Kirkham, Executive Secretary of the Young Men's organization.

On her return home she taught two years in the grade schools of Ephraim, later marrying T. A. Beal, son of President Henry Beal, who was then serving on the faculty of the Snow Academy. This ambitious young couple continued their work first in the University of Utah and later at Columbia University, New York City. Three years were spent in the eastern metropolis, where Mrs. Beal was enrolled for special work.

On her return home she was called to the presidency of the stake Primary Association, a position which she undoubtedly filled with delight to the children, as she is just the type of person to whom children are instinctively drawn. But her time was not solely taken up by the Primary Association, for

MRS. IDA PETERSON BEAL

Member of General Board

the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association and Relief Society each claimed a share.

In 1913, her husband accepted a professorship at the University of Utah, which established her in Salt Lake City. Since her residence in Salt Lake City she has served both the Y. L. M. I. A. and the Relief Society in an official capacity. About four years ago she was called to be a member of the Liberty stake Relief Society Board.

A year, covering part of 1925 and part of 1926, was spent in Europe, where she took advantage of opportunities offered in the cities of Heidelberg and Berlin—cities noted for their cultural advantages. While abroad she came in contact with different auxiliary organizations of the Church, to whom she bore her testimony of the truth of the Latter-day work.

On August 17, 1927, she was called to be a member of the General Board of the Relief Society. She is active in civic organizations as well as Church organizations. At present she is the secretary and treasurer of the Woman's National Republican Federation, also president of the Faculty Women of the University of Utah.

All her work has been done joyously, and all who have come in contact with her have felt radiating from her a spirit of delight that characterizes only those who love deeply and sincerely the work they are doing.

Genevieve Thornton

The Magazine is particularly gratified to present to its readers a sketch of the life of Miss Genevieve Thornton, who has been employed to supervise the case work of the Family Welfare Department of the Latter-day Saints Relief Society at Relief Society Headquarters.

Miss Thornton comes to her new position especially well prepared for her work. From her childhood she has been exceedingly ambitious. During one year of her high school work it was not possible for her to attend school, so she did her studying at home and passed an examination at the end of the school year that was of very high grade. She did her first college work in the Branch Agricultural College in Cedar City, afterwards completing her college course at the University of Utah. In the college at Cedar City she indicated her interest in social work by upholding the affirmative

in a college debate on the question of a legal minimum wage for women in industry. While attending the University of Utah she did field work for the Family Welfare Department of the Relief Society by special arrangement, and was employed by this organization as social worker for three years following her graduation.

Miss Thornton was born in southern Utah, at Pinto, Washington county. She is the daughter of Edmund T. and Jennie Sargent Thornton. Her paternal grandfather was Amos Thornton and her maternal great-grandfather was William Snow. The names of these two men are household names in southern Utah. They were called to go to that part of the country and settle, and the achievements of their sons and daughters are yearly proclaiming the worth of their forbears. The family lived at Pinto and New Castle, a town settled by Pinto people, until a year ago, when they made Delta their home.

Miss Thornton left Utah to enter the graduate school of Social Service Administration at the University of Chicago, from which institution she took her Masters degree in 1926. Miss Thornton's thesis made a study of public school provision for deaf, blind and crippled children in Chicago, the first city in the United States to make adequate educational provision for such children. This study included a first hand study of the special schools for crippled, the special centers for deaf and hard of hearing children, and the Braille and sight-saving classes for blind and partially sighted children.

After taking her masters degree she was employed as social worker with the United Charities of Chicago, a family welfare organization which cared for nearly 12,000 families during the year 1926. Concerning this experience, one of the daily papers says: "Due to the foreign born and negro element in the population of Chicago and the fact that Chicago is a great industrial center, social work there offers a most varied experience." After leaving the employ of the United Charities, July 1, 1927, Miss Thornton spent three weeks visiting social service organizations, including the large church agencies in the larger cities in the East.

One interesting feature in relation to Miss Thornton's work is the fact that last spring when Judge Victor P. Arnold of the Chicago Juvenile Court ordered a competitive examination for probation officers, Miss Thornton was one of a group of nearly 200 who took this examination. The citizens' examining committee in its report placed her tenth on the list of eligible officers.

Through the summer of 1926, Miss Thornton was a res-

MISS GENEVIEVE THORNTON, M. A.

Supervisor of Case Work in Family Welfare Department, Relief Society

ident at Hull House, a historical social settlement founded by Jane Addams in 1889, in the midst of large foreign colonies in Chicago. "In the beginning of the social settlement work at Hull House, northern Europeans filled in the surrounding space. Then the population shifted and southern and eastern Europeans came in. The newest comer of all is the Mexican. Yet, through the shifting scenes, Hull House has not ceased in its activities, but has provided an ever increasing number of social opportunities for the people of the neighborhood. Everybody who has visited Hull House remembers the theater in which Hull House players, who are the neighborhood people, are the actors. A nursery for the children of working mothers and a dental clinic are among the features of this settlement."

Miss Thornton has also had experience in the Chicago social settlement, close up to the stockyards where one is reminded with every breeze that blows that she is in contact with one of the not very agreeable features of our modern industrial life.

Recently at the organization of the Women's International League For Peace, in Salt Lake City, Mrs. J. A. Hogle was chosen temporary chairman and Miss Genevieve Thornton temporary secretary.

Miss Thornton is a woman of marked refinement and of very gentle manners. She is the first person from New Castle, her home community, to take a Master's Degree, and one of very few to take a Bachelor's Degree. She is the most highly trained supervisor that the Welfare Department has as yet had on its staff. We congratulate Miss Thornton on her achievements and we also congratulate the Welfare Department of the Relief Society on the appointment of one so well fitted to carry on this very important branch of its work.

Beautiful Logan Canyon

By Mrs. George O. Rich

O beautiful Logan Canyon,
Decked out in Fall array;
With all your bright, gay colors,
You seem to have full sway.

The brilliant red of the maple,
The quaking asp turning gold,
We stand in admiration,
At what nature doth unfold.

The big, pine trees on the mountain,
Remain in their dress of green.
As lovely a picture to gaze upon
As artist has ever seen.

Woman Customs-Head Pleads Right Living

Taken from the *Christian Science Monitor*, Boston, July 26, 1927.

Finds it a Good Motto in Handling Big Task in Hawaiian Islands

Honolulu, T. H.—Mrs. Jeanette Hyde has now filled the post of Collector of Customs, in the Hawaiian Islands, for more than two years. As the only woman occupying so responsible an office in a collection outpost district, under the Treasury Department, the record of her service holds much of interest, especially when the fact is considered that the duties handled by her office average more than $1,750,000 annually.

She came here from Utah by virtue of appointment by the President, confirmed by the Senate, and assumed her duties on April 21, 1925. She is at her office in the Federal Building, of which, by virtue of her position, she is custodian, usually at 7:30 o'clock, but not later than 8 in the morning. She remains usually until at least 4:30, and frequently until 5:40 and 6 o'clock, except when her duties call her to the wharves and docks or aboard some newly arrived vessel.

What to Overcome

Shortly after entering upon her work as a collector, Mrs. Hyde began a systematic effort to improve the customs service. She found that the employees were dissatisfied with their pay. "All wanted increases in compensation, whether it was earned or whether they were capable of earning it," she says. "It seemed to be the main thought that they must have better wages, without stopping to consider that I had first to adjust my pay roll to suit the budget which had been allotted for this port."

Mrs. Hyde found that at the docks there was one set of working hours, the business houses had another, and the customs force a still different one. After several conferences with business men the hour of 7 in the morning was agreed upon as the daily starting time. She continues her narrative:

"The next great problem was that of limiting the issuance of passes to board incoming vessels, to meet the regulations prescribed by the department. I think this called forth the most vicious attacks and most violent abuse that anyone has ever been called upon to endure. The very method of elimination of passes has since proved so satisfactory that the

steamship companies themselves are more exacting as to how many and to whom passes are issued, showing that the Government's regulations have proved successful."

Explains Her Dry Duties

Prior to the orders issued by Mrs. Hyde, communication between ship and shore was under little restraint. In consequence there were numerous ways by which narcotics, liquor and other contrabrand could be smuggled in. Mrs. Hyde is emphatic in her views on this phase of her duties.

"As to prohibition," she says, "many people here are laboring under a misconstrued idea with regard to the functioning of the Collector of Customs. In the matter of enforcing prohibition, the only official recognition the Collector of Customs has is the seizure of foreign contraband coming ashore or being brought into the Territory. Local prohibition is enforced entirely through the Prohibition Unit, over which the Collector has no jurisdiction and no official concern; but so far as foreign imports are concerned it is entirely within the Collector's province to seize all foreign liquors and as far as possible to prevent their being brought into the Territory. This act has been consistently enforced.

"But more serious than the amount of liquor brought in is that of opium, morphine, cocaine an other narcotics. It requires constant and vigilant perseverance on the part of the customs force to prevent large quantities being brought ashore.

"I think one of the greatest handicaps, and one that gives one in an official position great concern, is the finding of men and women of the higher strata of life and those who have sworn to uphold and obey the law in their official positions disregarding the law itself.

Close Watch Kept

"If people in executive positions are exacting of themselves to observe regulations and will require those who work with them to do the same, it builds up the morale and confidence that only can be secured by right living and right doing. Your lives are above reproach, and no matter what the criticism from people or press, you have the confidence of men and women who know you as to the truth of statements made to the contrary.

"This is an honest administrative policy which cannot fail if adhered to. This has been the standard which I have tried to establish with myself, and I have asked of those who work with me to observe, as nearly as possible, the regulations which they are asked to enforce upon other people."

After having rearranged working hours, Mrs. Hyde in-

stituted a system of promotions among the men and women of the customs force based upon merit. Then, as some of the employees resigned from the service, she utilized the pay which had been given them to increase the pay of those remaining, the latter agreeing to give more efficient service.

The increases in pay thus given range from $100 to $150 a year. And yet the budget of expenses of the collector's office has not been increased or exceeded.

Mrs. Hyde also found that employees receiving only $1,200 to $1,500 a year, with families of five and six children to support, were wearing $65 suits and $17 hats.

"It was unreasonable in the extreme," she says. "So I obtained bids and prices on suits and caps. Then I turned the whole question over to the men themselves, and let them decide what they wanted to wear. They finally chose a lightweight blue serge uniform suited to this climate and in accordance with custom regulations, which, with an extra pair of trousers cost them only $59; also caps costing only $5—a total saving of $18 per man.

Personnel Improved

"I asked each man to equip himself with a new suit and cap, as those they had were much worn, and to appear in them when on the docks while on duty. They are privileged, however, to wear their old clothing while discharging cargoes.

"With shoes polished, trousers neatly pressed, dark ties and light shirts, the force now presents the appearance of real Government employees. The department supplied me with new badges and insignias for the caps, adding to their natty apparel.

"I ask the men to work with me and not for me. I have not been obliged to dismiss any member of the force, although I have made transfers to better the service. Efficiency records are kept of each employee, so that when application is made for a promotion, our office records show whether it is deserved. This permits the working out of an honor system. Personal attention to duty and personal interest in work is encouraged by promise of commensurate pecuniary reward."

In the period from April 21, 1925, when Mrs. Hyde began her duties, to April 30, 1927, the collections of the Hawaiian customs district amounted to $3,635,256.92. Narcotics valued at $40,000 and liquor valued at $12,000 were seized. The disbursements of the office for the same period amounted to $328,491.69.

Put more simply, the cost of collecting $1 from April 22, 1926, to April 30, 1927, was 9 cents. Such is the record of Mrs. Hyde's office from its financial viewpoint.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - -

Countess of Cassillis, President of the Edinburgh Branch of the British National Council of Women Visits Salt Lake

Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, Recording Secretary of the National Council of Women of the United States, received a letter from Dr. Valeria H. Parker, President of the National Council of Women of the United States, stating that Lady Cassillis would be visiting Salt Lake City, in connection with her husband, in September, as the Earl of Cassillis would be here on behalf of the Royal Arch Masons of Scotland who were holding a triennial convocation of the General Grand Chapter of the Royal Arch Masons of America, in Denver, from September 26 to 30.

Lady Cassillis' itinerary permitted a stop-over in Boston, Salt Lake City and Denver, in the United States. As Dr. Parker was very anxious that she should be met officially during her visit she wrote to Mrs. Lyman, asking her to meet Lady Cassillis and extend adequate courtesies in the name of the Council. Before her arrival Mrs. Lyman called together the heads of affiliated organizations in Salt Lake City and plans were made to meet her and welcome her to the city.

Immediately upon her arrival a committee of Council representatives, consisting of Mrs. Richard R. Lyman, Recording Secretary of the National Council of Women, Mrs. C. Clarence Neslen, representing the city, Mrs. Harry R. Allen, representing the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and Dr. Jane Skofield of the National Association of Medical Women, called at her hotel, and extended greetings on behalf of Dr. Parker and the National Council of Women of the United States. The committee placed at the disposal of Lady Cassillis an automobile, and extended an invitation for sight-seeing drives about the city and vicinity, and for luncheon to be held in her honor. However, due to the previous plans of Lord Cassillis and his party, every moment of the day and a-half spent in Salt Lake City was programmed with sight-seeing trips, organ recital, visit to the Great Salt Lake, and to Bingham mines, etc.

The local representatives of the Council were delighted to have met Lady Cassillis, who is a most charming and interesting woman, and to spend an hour with her, upon her invitation, just prior to her departure, discussing the work of the National Council of Women of the United States. They were also pleased to place in her car, baskets of Utah fruits and flowers, bearing messages of friendship and greeting from the National Council of Women of the United States.

During the hour Lady Cassillis was visiting with Council representatives she stepped into the Board room of the Relief Society, where the General Board was in session. While with the Board she said, "I am delighted to see you; delighted to know that

your special work connects with your religious work. I believe in religion and think that such a connection is valuable."

Literary Celebrities Visit Latter-day Saint Temples

A book entitled *Tramping With a Poet in the Rockies* contains one chapter entitled "A Visit to the 'Mormons'." The "Mormons" referred to are those living in and about Cardston, in Alberta, Canada. A good deal of the chapter is devoted to a description of a visit by Stephen Graham, a well-known English writer, and Vachel Lindsay, minstrel poet of America, to the Cardston temple.

Now, word reaches us that John Galsworthy, the gifted English playwright recently spent three hours in the Arizona temple. While there he betrayed a good deal of interest, not specially in the temple but in "Mormon" beliefs, and particularly did he show interest in the problem of how we manage to keep our contact with the young people of the Church. Harold Bell Wright, who has made his home in Arizona for many years, wrote asking the very latest date of the temple's closing and if he may be admitted when he presents himself.

We have in this group of literary celebrities, two English, and two American authors. Stephen Graham is noted for his books of travel, John Galsworthy, English, is one of the very best of our modern writers of drama, while Vachel Lindsay is exceedingly well-known among our American poets and Harold Bell Wright is one of our most popular American novelists.

Past Days I'm Thankful For

By Grace Ingles Frost

What have I to be thankful for?
I ofttimes ask of self;
For values very meagre grow
Without the boon of health.

The blessings that I held most dear,
Have long since from me fled;
The loved ones who made life so bright,
Are numbered with the dead.

When other hearts grow buoyant
With joy at festive time,
Remembering, I live again
Those days no longer mine.

Save shrined within my memory;
And as I count them o'er,
I cease to ask my question:
Past days, I'm thankful for.

THE CANADIAN TEMPLE

Dedication of the Canadian Temple

By Helen Kimball Orgill

We are including in this issue an article on the dedication of the Canadian temple written by Helen Kimball Orgill. The article came too late to be included in the number devoting space to the Canadian temple, and so we are publishing it while the peoples' thoughts and feelings are centered on the dedication of the Arizona temple, believing that it will prove interesting to our readers.

During the last few months the Canadian press has had considerable to say concerning the "Mormons" and their latest built temple. Among other comments, one widely circulated prairie paper stated that they were an unusually religious people.

These words were indeed verifiedduring dedication week, for a certain Sabbath solemnity seemed to permeate the crowds who had come to see and hear the ceremonies performed at Cardston.

Sunny Alberta was at its best all week. The many hundreds who traveled by automobile were given a real pleasure trip, for the roads were never better and the prairie breezes had forgotten to blow.

Each Church member brought to the temple a card whereon was printed an invitation to attend the dedication and at what particular time. These were signed by the respective bishops.

The appearance of snowy, white-clad sisters, stationed at intervals within the building to direct the crowds, seemed to blend beautifully with the artistic simplicity of the temple.

For one was struck forcibly with the repression of all osten-

tation or show in the mural painting and other decorations. Indeed only a culture-loving people would delight in the effect that was created.

The Latter-day Saints, as a whole, left the dedication services at Cardston, indeed filled with the "Bread of life," for a spiritual feast was there spread which many a one had never partaken of before.

There were tears shining in more than one eye at the appearance of our revered and beloved president whose countenance seemed to shine with the light within. It was the first time many had seen him since his visit here years before as an apostle.

For with the struggle against the rigorous elements of a northern climate, as well as the periodical droughts, very few have been able to attend the semi-annual conferences at Salt Lake City very regularly.

And those who are privileged to have this blessing could scarcely understand the thrills which passed through the beings of the Saints in Canada at the sight of the large representation of leading brethren and sisters who attended our president on the trip.

To hear the inspired voices of two or three apostles, or other leading brethren, as well as a sermon from President Grant at the same meeting was an experience long to be remembered.

And the striking note referred to concerning the decorative scheme was also noticeable in the services.

So many months had the occasion been looked forward to that an outsider would have expected a little pomp or sentimental emotion to be exhibited. On the contrary the speakers gave no trace of prepared oratory, from the president, who knelt in humility before the altar to offer the dedicatory prayer, to the speakers. All were simple exponents of truth, but one felt the power behind their words.

The key note of all the sessions naturally was salvation for the dead; and the wonderful blessings which the living were to receive, through the blessings of the temple, were dwelt upon.

The timely words of counsel, given as they were within the hallowed walls of the temple of God, sank deeply into the hearts of the listeners.

An unusual drama might be written, depicting the wistful dreams which have been woven with the building of the temple. The living as well as the departed have looked forward to its completion with yearning hearts. And there is every reason to believe that many of our dear ones who have gone before also took a keen interest in the happenings of dedication week.

The edifice is now finished, and with its completion, a spirit of permanency and contentment will pervade the homes of the Saints in Canada, such as has never before been experienced. As sure as the Lord liveth his blessings will flow in at our doors.

The United Order

Part II.

By J. M. Sjodahl

No less remarkable than the peace doctrine in the Book of Mormon is the exemplification in that record, on a somewhat large scale, of the United Order. The story of this feature of American life—the rise and fall of an American Millennium—is recorded in IV Nephi 2-4 and 24-6:

"And it came to pass in the thirty and sixth year, the people were all converted unto the Lord, upon all the face of the land, both Nephites and Lamanites, and there were no contentions and disputations among them, and every man did deal justly one with another.

"And they had all things common among them; therefore there were not rich and poor, bond and free, but they were all made free, and partakers of the heavenly gift.

"And it came to pass that the thirty and seventh year passed away also, and there still continued to be peace in the land."

"And now, in this two hundred and first year there began to be among them those who were lifted up in pride, such as the wearing of costly apparel, and all manner of fine pearls, and of the fine things of the world.

"And from that time forth they did have their goods and their substance no more common among them.

"And they began to be divided into classes; and they began to build up churches unto themselves to get gain, and began to deny the true church of Christ."

Millennium in America. We are here informed that the people who were converted and accepted the gospel of Christ, as a consequence were filled with the spirit of love and unity, and they had all things common. Peace prevailed. As Elder George Reynolds expresses it: "Indeed, it may be said that a type, a fore-shadowing of the Millennium for once found place among the erring sons of humanity." And this wonderful condition lasted for 150 years.

Another Evidence for the Book of Mormon. This is one more remarkable evidence of the agreement of the Book of Mormon with the teachings of the New Testament, even when these teachings are concealed instead of revealed as in the authorized Bible translation.

In the New Testament we read that the converts on the day of Pentecost, whom the Spirit filled with power from on high, "continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine, and *fellowship*, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." (Acts 2:42.)

The word translated *fellowship* is *koinonia*, which really means a great deal more than fellowship in the abstract. It means, as in verse 44, an arrangement whereby things were held

in common. It means, practically, what among the Latter-day Saints is known as the United Order; so that a faithful translation might be: "They continued steadfastly in the teachings of the apostles, and the united order, and the breaking of the bread, and the prayers." We see here that the *koinonia,* the united order, was part of the teaching of the apostles, as was the sacrament and the prayers. It was not clumsy, impractical communism, but some wise, practical arrangement, entirely voluntary, whereby every member was provided for in "all things" both temporal and spiritual.

Nor was this a purely Pentecostal condition born of the first enthusiasm of faith. It was part of the Christianity of the New Testament. For a long time after Pentecost, Paul wrote to his beloved Timothy: "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they * * * do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate." (I Tim. 6:17-19.) The word translated "willing to communicate" is *koinoni-kous* which might better be rendered, "actively interested in the united order," thereby "laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life." That was the doctrine of Paul to the end of his earthly mission. This *koinonia,* or united order, is, in the New Testament, especially ascribed to the Holy Spirit. Paul says: "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God and the *koinonia* of the Holy Ghost be with you all." (2 Cor. 13:14.) That accounts for 2 Peter 1:4, where the apostle says the divine promise is that those who escape the corruption of the world may be "partakers" *koinon-oi* of divine nature. It also explains the fact that whenever the Holy Spirit is poured out upon the believers, there is a union of interests, both temporal and spiritual, comes into existence, as naturally as order out of chaos. And so we have a united order in the New Testament, and also in the Book of Mormon. In the Doctrine and Covenants, too, the doctrine of the United Order is taught.* That it is also taught in the Book of Mormon is strong proof of the divine inspiration of that volume. Joseph Smith could not, from his knowledge of the New Testament, have invented the story in Fourth Nephi; nor could anyone else.

Community of Interests Among Indians. Again the question arises whether Indian culture as recorded knows any community of interests — a *koinonia*—such as that described in the fourth book of Nephi. And again the answer is a wonderful confirmation of the Book of Mormon; for, in fact, the very foundation of the highest Indian social structure is community of interests.

Construction of Indian Society. Unlike civilized society in our day, Indian society was made up of gentes, totems, or

*Secs. 51:3; 9; 70; 78:5; 82:17; 72:11; 82:20; 104:1; 104:68; 105:34.

clans, and not of families. The gens is a body of "consanguineal kindred," whether by birth or adoption. They all live together in one house or lodge, and are under obligation to assist one another. Each gens is self-governing. It elects its own chieftain and decides on all questions of property within its own limits. Marriage within the gens is prohibited, and descent is, in many instances, traced, and property descends in the female line only.

When descent was reckoned through the female line, the husband joined through marriage the gens of the wife. Property, with the exception of a few articles of personal necessity, belonged to the wife, and the husband had no claim on it. The price of a man, if killed, was only three-fourths that of a woman, among the Hurons.

This social arrangement seems very strange to us, but it was similar to that which prevailed among the Semites in the days of Abraham. Sarah was the "princess," as the name implies. That is, she was the chieftainess, and her position went by inheritance to her successors. Rebekah, Leah, Dinah, and Sarah, the daughter of Asher, the son of Zilpah, Leah's handmaid. (Num. 26:46.)

In Egypt, too, in those days, the woman was the mistress of the house. She held the property, and inheritance was through the female line.

This social feature was preserved among the American Indians, as it is to this day, to some extent, among the Arabs of the desert.

A group of gentes or clans formed a phratry or brotherhood, generally for religious purposes, and a group of phratries constituted a tribe. The tribe was governed by a council. The chief was elected by that body, and his authority was limited to affairs of peace. For war, a war chief was elected by the council, and he was supreme while there was war.

The Long House. The Long House of the Iroquois Indians illustrates the principle of a united order. This habitation was from fifty to a hundred feet long. The interior was divided off in compartments, six or eight feet each, and open towards a passageway or aisle which ran through the center of the house. There was one fire-place to each four rooms and this was used by the four families occupying the rooms nearest. "Thus a house with five fires would contain twenty apartments and accommodate twenty families, unless some apartments were reserved for storage. They were warm, roomy, and tidily-kept habitations. Raised bunks were constructed around the walls of each apartment for beds. * * * Whatever was taken in the hunt or raised by cultivation by any

member of the household * * * was for the common benefit. Provisions were made a common stock within the household."

To that extent they had preserved the principle of the "United Order," which was practiced by the Nephites as related in the Book of Mormon.

This was, as Dr. Brinton says, the ideal theory of the American tribal organization. And we may recognize its outlines almost anywhere on the continent, although it was carried out sometimes with more, sometimes with less, faithfulness to the perfect pattern. In Peru the principles of the United Order were applied on a larger scale and more in detail than anywhere else.

There is a striking similarity between the ideals and aims of these Iroquois reformers and those of the Peruvian Incas. The rulers of Peru also aimed at the unification of the nations under one divinely appointed head, and, although their power was that of absolute despotism, they generally sought to overcome opposition by the exercise of paternal benevolence.

Where, then, we may ask, did the prehistoric inhabitants of America obtain their ideas of a "Millennial" kingdom on this earth? Whence came their inspiration?

There is, as far as I know, only one answer to that question. The marvelous light which their ancestors once enjoyed, as related in the Book of Mormon, was never entirely extinguished. Here and there a spark from the divine fire was glowing, dimly, uncertainly, but yet perceptible to men and women who had the gift to see and to reflect. In others words, they had traditions, in more or less imperfect form, of the institutions and teaching of their ancestors, and of the gospel that promises a reign of peace on earth. And they were endeavoring, in their imperfect way, to follow the dim light, in the hope of finally reaching the goal—the "golden age" of which prophets and poets in all ages have spoken.

Prayer

By Christie Lund

Lord, in this hour of night
Show us the way;
Give us again the light
Of happy day.

Lord, in this dark despair
Teach us to feel
That thou canst hear our prayer
Tho' mute we kneel.

Strengthen our wayward feet
To firmly stand;
Down in this darkness deep,
Give us thy hand.

Ink Spots and Golden Glow

By Estella Pugmire Rich

"Five-thirty, dear; time to start another day."

Ruth's heavy lids opened slightly. Melvin, putting on a shoe, dropped it, and the crash cut through her consciousness like a jagged wound.

She sat up in bed. The bedroom opened off the living room, and through the open doorway Ruth caught a glimpse of an ugly ink-stain on her pine-cone table runner.

Memories of last night assailed her. She and Melvin had almost quarrelled—that is she had. Melvin refused calmly to answer the hot words she flung at him and that had exasperated her all the more.

Melvin had insisted as usual in sitting through the evening with the newspaper propped in front of his face, and his stockinged feet resting on the library table.

It had long been a source of irritation to Ruth—this stocking-foot habit of Melvin's, and the resting place he invariably chose for his feet; but last night it had seemed intolerable even before his unfortunate move had upset the ink bottle.

She had sprung up, then, anger flaming her face, a half-darned sock still covering her hand: "If you'd keep your feet on the floor, Melvin, where they belong,—but no, you must spoil the last vestige of beauty I've tried to bring into this hideous farm life."

"I'm sorry, dear," Melvin answered quietly, blotting up the black stream that trailed across her precious pine-cone table runner, "but I can't see why a little ink spot should call out such an outburst. I'll buy you another as soon as I go into town."

Buy her another, indeed! Of course, he couldn't understand —what man could?—all the long hours she had put into it. She had made it while convalescing after Junior's birth, two years before. There had been no time for fancy work since then.

The cluster of big, brown cones she had worked with such infinite care never failed to bring a queer little feeling of coolness when she glimpsed them in these hot, busy days of summer. And heaven knew she needed a feeling of coolness with her head aching steadily for a week at a time as it had been doing lately.

Junior's voice from the bedroom checked the torrent of angry words struggling for utterance. "Mudder, me wants a drink," he whimpered.

"Oh, leave it alone," she said wearily to Melvin over her

shoulder as she passed into the bedroom with a glass of water, "I'll see what I can do with it tomorrow."

Listlessly Ruth dragged herself out into the kitchen where Melvin had already made the fire before going out to do his chores.

When he returned, the cereal was bubbling on the back of the range and Ruth was putting a platter of fried ham into the warming oven. Ugh, how she hated the smell of ham! And the driving noise of that separator!

A stray fly buzzed past her ear and began a leisurely journey around the sugar bowl. She reached for the swatter but it was not on its accustomed nail.

Breakfast over, Melvin kissed her and started for the south field, but he called back to tell her there would be six men instead of five for dinner.

She nodded languidly as her eyes surveyed the medley before her—the huge separator, the soiled and drying breakfast dishes, a bucket of eggs to case, bread to be put in the tins.

By this time Junior was awake and crying lustily for his breakfast. Before she could get him bathed and dressed, little Tommy Atkins ran over to tell her that Emmy wouldn't be over to help her. Emmy was the sixteen-year-old neighbor girl who helped Ruth forenoons, during the summer.

"She says she's got a sore throat, but pa says it's nothing but bein' 'petered out from too much dancin'." Tommy lowered his voice confidingly. "I heard pa tell her he'd 'lick' her if she went to another dance this week."

Ruth fed Junior, then led him out into his sand pile to play. She gathered up the dishes, took the separator apart, and began the daily routine of bringing order out of the chaos.

A scream rent the air. She ran out to find Junior with a jagged cut across his finger. A rusty tomato can lay beside him.

She dressed the wound with iodine, wrapped up the finger, then gathering the squirming little body up in her arms she carried him into the living room and began rocking him.

Presently he fell asleep and she sat still, staring moodily at a honey bee that had been tempted in by a bowl of flowers. It beat its head against the window screen in a vain attempt to reach freedom. "We are all like that," she mused, "enticed into something that appears so beautiful only to find it changed to prison bars."

She laid Junior down, with a worried eye on the clock. Farm life leaves so little time for the children!

By a quarter to eleven, Ruth had fought her way through the morning's work. Junior still slept. If only she might stretch out on the davenport for a half hour's rest before starting dinner, but she remembered that Melvin had failed to get the potatoes. That meant she must make a trip down to the garden.

With dinner due in an hour and a-half there was time neither for rest nor for the churning that must be done before night.

She went into the closet for her hat, and while reaching, dislodged a kodak album. A picture fluttered to the floor. She picked it up and stood staring at it like something she had never seen before.

It was one of those bits of crystallized life that almost drugs with its peace—she and Dr. Charlie Black, both in white, lolling contentedly in two huge wicker chairs, a glimpse of rose-bordered bungalow behind them; a sweep of wide lawn before them, with a shadow from an ash tree caught in its velvet—that was all; but it spoke to Ruth of what might have been.

She remembered the days so well. Dr. Charlie had brought her out to his mother's home for a few days before he left to study medicine.

For a moment Ruth almost caught the thrill of his caressing voice—"It will all be ours some day, Girlie, if you'll just say the word."

Somehow her memories of Dr. Black were always bound up with leisure, moonlight nights, boxes of flowers and candy, and a vague, uneasy feeling that he was not wholly sincere.

She had felt herself desperately in love with Dr. Black, then, but something had held her back from making the promise that he sought.

"Wait till you come back and we'll see how we feel then," she told him.

Then Melvin had come into her life, and something way down in the deep, still part of her being responded to the bigness of his soul, his sincerity, his utter disregard of sham, and before Dr. Black had finished his second year of study, a narrow band of gold proclaimed Ruth—Mrs. Melvin Packard.

Melvin had already bought a farm about ten miles out from Adamson, Dr. Black's home town.

Dr. Black, himself, had married shortly afterward—a St. Louis girl, and three years later had come back to practice in his home town and occupy the white bungalow that his mother's death had made his own.

"We are only here temporarily," Mrs. Black confided to Ruth at their first meeting. "I simply couldn't bear to live permanently in a town where its people fail to dress for dinner."

A sharp contrast rose in Ruth's mind of the difference in hers and Mrs. Black's method of spending this day. Mrs. Black no doubt was working among her flowers, or embroidering out on her shady porch. Ruth looked with disdain on the ink-stained table runner. She must find time to run down to the store for a lemon. Lemon and, O yes, salt, that would take it out.

Her toe caught in the frayed end of a rug. Another job that must not be put off another day.

At noon, Ruth filled a bucket with hot water and set it with soap and wash basin on a bench outside the kitchen door. She hung two towels on a nail above it. If only the "hands" would *wash* before they wiped, and if the last sweating man would think to throw out the water. She found herself praying that there wouldn't be a black, dirty ring around the wash basin.

The men talked incessantly of the need of getting the hay up before storm, of derricks, of bull rakes—she would scream if they said bull rake again! What would Melvin think if she screamed out at these men who were making a slave of her—draining the last drop of beauty from her soul!

Melvin, ready to leave for the field again, touched her tenderly on the shoulder. "You don't look well, dear; leave the dishes and I'll help you when I come in tonight."

"Oh, I'm all right. It's this awful heat."

Suddenly she remembered the apples—she must cook enough for supper, and for pies for tomorrow's dinner. It was a shame to open her canned fruit with apples spoiling on the tree. She would go down and pick a pailful before she changed her dress.

She put Junior in his buggy, and gave him some clothespins with which to play while she picked a few of the lowest apples; then finding that the reaching sent hot waves of pain through her back and head, she dragged out an old box and swung herself up into the lower limbs.

One of Junior's safety pins converted her skirt into a basket and she proceeded to billow out its depths with the tender, luscious fruit.

"Well, well, Mrs. Packard," a metallic voice greeted her, "is your husband hiring you by the day or by the hour?"

Ruth's eyes rested in dismay on the smartly clad Mrs. Black so cooly scrutinizing her.

"I've come to take you into Madrix." Madrix was the cosmopolitan little city that drew its trade, not alone from its own citizens, but the surrounding towns as well. "I"m driving in to get some dresses I ordered a week ago. I really haven't a thing to wear as you can see."

Ruth saw a rose-colored sport suit—the kind she had dreamed about for herself—lovely in its quality and cut.

"I tried to call you up but central couldn't raise you; so I just took a chance on your going and drove out. We'll have dinner at Murello's," Mrs. Black continued, "and then home again at a respectable bed time. I left a note for the Doctor saying I'd be back not later than ten o'clock."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Mrs. Black, but I really can't." A vision of two "hands" again for supper, churning to do, apples to

stew, clothes to put to soak. Why, oh, why could she never get through—

"Well, of course, if you can't—" Mrs. Black's voice held well-bred contempt, "it must be terrible to never have any leisure."

When she had gone, Ruth got slowly down from the tree. For the life of her she could not hurry except in her thoughts. They rushed ahead to the never ending drudgery.

She started for the kitchen but the house began to recede, whirling faster and faster as she neared it. She stretched her hand out for the knob to steady herself and fell headlong across the step.

When she awoke it was in the dim stillness of a white hospital room.

"What's happened?" she asked faintly of the crisp vision in white, bending over her.

"Operation, Mrs. Packard, just lie still now and you won't feel so sick," and the nurse tiptoed out for a moment, leaving Melvin alone with his wife. His face, Ruth thought, looked unnaturally white through its heavy coat of tan, yet his lips smiled whenever her eyes rested on him.

It seemed to Ruth that she had been wandering through a burning desert and the coolness and stillness that had descended upon her now was an oasis of peace.

Dr. Black, himself, came in presently, "Doing just fine. We'll have you up in no time now, and feeling a lot better than before you stretched yourself out on the doorstep, too."

When Ruth was well enough to be propped up among her pillows, she found a quiet enjoyment in the well-ordered efficiency of the life about her, no rush or hurry; the calm and quiet nurses showed no signs of fatigue. Three times daily the tray furnished a happy surprise. She could even read a few minutes at a time, some of the lovely things in Browning or Keats—things that had been completely crowded out by the many demands that farm life makes on its women.

Jasimine McFarlane, the nurse whom Melvin secretly called Jazzy, because of her kittenish action when Dr. Black was around, had warned Ruth against such "heavy trash" and had offered her a copy of *True Stories*. "Something racy enough to be interesting" she had told her. But Ruth had continued with her Browning.

Once Dr. Black had brought her a great box of roses. "From my own garden," he told her.

"I know, there on the south, I shall never forget how it looked that day we had those snaps taken."

"Nor I," he answered.

A warm note crept into his voice, "Oh, my Gypsy Lady,"—

Gypsie Lady was a name he had coined for her in one of his gay, tender moods, long ago, "that rose garden ought to have been yours. What a picture you'd make against those dark red ones!"

Ruth resented his use of that endearing term, his tone; and yet it quickened her pulse and made flaming banners of her cheeks.

Melvin had come in just then and he carried a huge bunch of golden glow. "Mother picked them," he said, "while I was cranking the jitney. They look pretty commonplace against those roses, though."

Melvin sat down by the bed and took one of her hands in his work-hardened ones. The hard callouses on his hands irritated her tender flesh. She found herself sharply aware of Melvin's rough khaki trousers, his heavy shoes. She wished he had taken time to put on his black suit. That wouldn't have contrasted so badly with Dr. Black's well pressed gray.

Instantly Ruth felt ashamed. Hadn't Melvin already added another hour to his already long work day, digging the trenches for the pipe so that they could have the water installed in the house before she came home.

"You can come for your wife tomorrow evening, Mr. Packard," Dr. Black told Melvin as he was leaving, and the light that sprang into Melvin's eyes found an answering one in Ruth's.

Melvin left at nine o'clock. Through her open window Ruth heard him crank the car and drive away; one more night and she would be with him and baby Junior!

Miss McFarlane came in presently to see if her patient needed anything, but Ruth was already asleep. The nurse tiptoed out, leaving the door partly ajar.

Directly across the hall from Ruth's room was the supply room. It was here the nurses often congregated for a brief gossip and Ruth found her knowledge of human nature vastly enlarged from the low-toned conversations that occasionally drifted in.

Shortly after midnight, Ruth awoke. She could hear someone moving quietly around in the supply room. Miss McFarlane, no doubt, preparing a sleeping potion for some wakeful patient.

Suddenly she heard someone coming down the hall. Dr. Black, she couldn't mistake those footsteps! She caught a glimpse of his coat as he entered the supply room.

"I thought I'd find you here," she heard him say in a low voice. The girl's answer was blotted out in a ripple of laughter that followed.

"You little devil," Ruth heard a slight scuffle, "you know you want me to kiss you." A moment's silence then, followed by more hushed whisperings.

Ruth's face burned in the darkness. And this was the man whose wife she envied! This was the man with whom

Melvin had suffered in comparison! She was humbled and humiliated. Why, Melvin was worth more than a world full of Dr. Blacks with their well pressed clothes, their laughing eyes and their lying lips. What did it matter if she did sometimes work beyond her strength; what mattered if she were denied some of the luxuries of life?

Rose-colored dresses, music, money, leisure, Mrs. Black needed them all to compensate her for the hollowness of her husband's love.

Separators, churning, canning, hay men, yes, and a thousand other things, so long as she was harbored in the love of a man like Melvin.

The following evening Melvin and Junior came for her in the jitney. The ride home through the mellow autumn twilight, Junior's chubby, little hands clutching tightly to hers, Melvin's voice tremulous with love and tenderness, it was like a benediction.

"I feel like a church all lighted up with Easter candles," she thought.

When they turned into the lane that led to the house, Ruth caught sight of her mother-in-law standing in the doorway, waving frantically with one hand while with the other she wiped her eyes on her apron.

"Joy is the only thing that can make mother do that," Melvin smiled.

He drove up to the door and then carried Ruth in and deposited her on the living-room couch.

Mother Packard had supper ready, and when she brought Ruth's tray, it held a single, white rose bud. "Melvin would have me put it on," the good woman scolded, "though I've always said "less grass, more grub, for me."

Her harsh laughter sounded strangely home-like and comforting after the stilled, unnatural atmosphere of the hospital.

When the dishes were washed and Junior had kissed "Muvver" good-night, and been tucked into bed, Mother Packard, herself, awkwardly planted a kiss on her daughter's forehead. "I'll be over first thing in the morning," she said, "to see if Emmy's doing all right."

She closed the door and Melvin and Ruth were alone in the silence of their sleeping house.

Ruth looked lovingly at each object, the picture of Junior in its gilt frame, the piano in its shadow-darkened corner, the sixteen-dollar reading lamp Melvin had given her for Christmas. In its pool of yellow light, Ruth saw a great bunch of golden glow in her brass bowl.

"It's to cover up that ink-stain," Melvin said quickly, when he saw her eyes resting on it. "You know, dear, you kept talking about the ink spots when you were coming out of the ether. I happened to remember it after I had started for you tonight,

so I turned back and filled that hour with golden glow so those ink spots wouldn't show."

"Dear boy," Ruth's voice was husky. "This house my baby, your love—that's the golden glow. With it the ink spots don't matter."

Thanksgiving

By Beatrice Williams

I thank thee, Lord, for mountains grand and tall,
For cloudy skies of bleak November days,
For that lone robin on the old stone wall,
That sings to warm your heart in passing lays.

I thank thee for that tiny flower, there,
That in the garden bed still blooms alone.
Its golden head was once so bright and fair,
But now it droops as by the wind 'tis blown.

I thank thee for the friends thou gavest me,
To clasp my hand and lead my feet aright,
To lend a hand and help my eyes to see,
And give me faith to pray throughout the night.

For those men, who died that we might live
And know our Father's glory and his might,
My humblest thanks to praise to thee I give
Oh, Lord and Savior, of the night and light.

List of Literary Lessons for 1928

Lew Sarett
Carl Sandburg
John Masefield
Robert Louis Stevenson
Charles G. D. Roberts
William Henry Drummond
Bertha A. Kleinman
Grace Ingles Frost
Gladys Ann Wagstaff
Elsie C. Carroll
Claire Stewart Boyer
Ruth Harwood

Notes from the Field

Amy Brown Lyman

New Zealand Mission.

RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD, NEW ZEALAND MISSION

Following are excerpts from a letter written to the General Board by Mrs. Cora S. Jenkins, president of the Relief Societies of the New Zealand mission: "A Hui Tau (annual conference) is always very interesting, and ours of this year was exceptionally so, being held, through the courtesy of Princess Te Puea Herangi, at the Queens pa, Ngaruawahia. The village is situated on the beautiful Waikato river, which of itself is a scene of beauty, also of importance, as the annual regatta is held there each year. Princess Te Puea most graciously turned over to our use all of the buildings of the pa, and President Jenkins and I and our children had the honor of occupying her bedroom. The whare kai, or dining hall, which seats four hundred people, was beautifully decorated. In the evening a fountain in the center of the hall, surrounded by colored lights, was an unusual sight in a Maori village. The visitors' home was also very nice and was completed just recently to be ready for our hui. Two special meetings were held where the tribes represented in our gathering greeted and were greeted by those of royal blood. This was all very interesting and touching, and an occasion that is not often witnessed even by Europeans who have lived in New Zealand all their lives. Monday evening Princess Te Puea's people entertained us with a concert, and the Princess was then presented with two lovely quilts which were made by the sisters of the

Tamaki and Nuhaka Relief Societies. Our Relief Societies gave splendid reports and were eager to receive some instructions; 35 out of our 39 organizations were reported, and 22 of them by presidents. To encourage better record keeping we prepared a Maori printed minute book for three years, with roll also, and 26 organizations secured them at Hui Tau. Many samples of splendid hand work were entered in our contest, and the sisters displayed much interest in the same. Next year our contest will be in two-part singing, Maori for those over fifty years, and English for those under fifty. We learned of a boy who expected to have to leave the Maori Agricultural College due to shortage of funds, so Sister Polly Duncan, first counselor of the mission board, appealed to the Relief Societies represented, and sufficient money was raised to enable him to attend this year. This is only one example of the free-heartedness of these sisters. Our slogan for 1927 is, 'Every officer and teacher an observer of the Word of Wisdom by 1928,' which, if accomplished, will be a wonderful thing for the Maori sisters. This is a brief report of our part of the Hui Tau, and we are all looking forward to next year, hoping to see great improvement."

Tongan Mission.

THE SISTERS OF THE TOGATABU DISTRICT

Mrs. Ada B. Cahoon, president of the Relief Societies of the Tongan mission, writes as follows of some of their activities: "The work here is very encouraging at present, and the attitude shown by the sisters is excellent. Although the only book they have access to is the Bible, we find the lessons very interesting All three districts here in the Tongan mission observed the 17th of March by a program, luncheon and dance. A small sum was

charged for this and the money from all was donated to the mission for the new cistern and house that are nearing completion at the present time. The sum of 25 pounds and 8 shillings (£ 25-8-0) was realized. We feel that this is splendid, after taking into consideration the poverty of the people at present; but everyone did his best to make the event successful, and the spirit shown was indeed encouraging. We receive the *Relief Society Magazine* regularly here at headquarters, and surely appreciaate it."

German-Austrian Mission.

Following are excerpts from a letter recently received from Mrs. Rose Ellen Valentine, president of the Relief Societies of the German-Austrian mission: "We have just completed a series of Relief Society conventions, which were held in connection with the district conferences. Nine sessions were held with a total attendance of 370 workers and visitors. The following topics were treated by local sisters: 'An opportunity to be a member of the Relief Society,' 'A duty to be a member of the Relief Society,' 'A responsibility to be a member of the Relief Society.' An outline was given each president, which included a suggested division of responsibility and duties for each officer of the organization. A plan for the procedure in conducting the different meetings was also given. The theme of the convention was 'Organization,' and I am sure much good will result from these meetings. The workers, too, were highly enthusiastic, and the spirit of appreciation shown by them more than rewarded the meagre efforts put forth. Permit me to say that the *Magazine* was of inestimable value in working out our plans."

Malad Stake.

The Malad stake, at the close of last year, passed envelopes to all the members of the Relief Society, to be used for enclosing dues. The notation on the envelope read:

"I am a paid-up member of the Relief Society.
"Name....."

Carbon Stake (Price Ward).

With a view of securing annual dues early and promptly for 1927, the Price ward, at the close of 1926, distributed cards which read as follows:

"PRICE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY

"This card is to remind you that your annual dues are now payable. Kindly enclose 50 cents and return to your president at your earliest convenience, or give to your visiting teacher on her next call. Sign your name here.

.....

"Every enrolled member must be accounted for, therefore if you neglect the obligation, someone must pay it for you."

Guide Lessons for January

THE LESSON COURSE FOR 1928

The Theology Lessons for the coming year will be devoted to a discussion of the outstanding phases of the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times.

The Literature Lessons will be devoted to Modern Poetry, and will contain some American poets, including some of our western writers, some Canadian poets and some English poets.

The Introduction to the Social Service Lessons outlines the work for 1928.

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in January)

THE DISPENSATION OF THE FULNESS OF TIMES

I. The Theological Necessity for a New Dispensation

1. To Fulfil the Predictions of the Prophets and the Visions of the Seers.

Centuries before the ushering in of this dispensation the prophet Daniel prophesied to the king of Babylon, "And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people." Daniel 2:28-45.

The Prophet Micah declared: "But in the last days it shall come to pass, that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills; and people shall flow unto it. And many nations shall come, and say, Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for the law shall go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." Micah 4:1-2.

We have the predictions of the Prophet Malachi, "Behold I will send you Elijah the prophet." See Malachi 4:1-6, also section 2 Doc. and Cov., also Matt. 17:11. "I will proceed to do a marvelous work and a wonder." See Isaiah 29:14.

The most ancient prediction was made by Joseph who was sold into Egypt, and quoted by Lehi, on the head of his son, Nephi. II Nephi 6,

These are but a few of many predictions the fulfilment of which required the dispensation in which we live.

2. To Re-Establish the True God Idea.

Jesus had left an idea of God which was in keeping with the

first idea of God, which was the true idea. And this idea was that God was the Father of the human family in character and in form. When the Savior was asked by Philip to show them the Father he declared that whoever had seen him, the Christ, had seen the Father, meaning that the Father was a being with body, parts, and passions. The apostles had felt the hands of Jesus; they had seen him eat and drink. They had beheld him rebuking with righteous indignation, and they had seen him weep over the wilfulness of his kindred race.

They had heard him many times humbly petitioning his Father and they had witnessed him banishing legions of evil spirits; there was no evidence of lingering doubt after that occasion as to the correct idea of God. But with the apostasy, spoken of as the falling away, or departure from righteous conduct, there was a corresponding dimness of the God idea, until God became, in the minds of man, something diffused into the everywhere and centered in the nowhere. Mankind quarrelled over this faded idea of divinity; confusion reigned, and man, an organized intelligence, worshiped the un-organized, notwithstanding he was every day in all the lines of life facing the eternal fact that the organized is superior to the unorganized. A new revelation of God which would mean a new dispensation was necessary to throw this erroneous idea concerning God into the background and bring to the front the true idea of divinity. And this was done in the Sacred Grove, where God was seen and his Fatherhood proclaimed in the words, "This is my beloved Son," said as he pointed to Jesus the Christ standing by. (See Pearl of Great Price, page 48.)

3. A New Dispensation was Necessary to Restore to the Earth Divine Authority.

Nowhere on the earth were the keys of the holy priesthood held. No doubt the translated John the Revelator was somewhere in the world, and he held the priesthood without the appointment to transfer it or officiate in the ordinances of the gospel. His mission, in keeping with his wish, was that of inspiring men to do good and thereby leading them to Christ. The three Nephites operated and are still operating on the earth with privileges and limitations. John with Peter and James operated under special appointment to restore the Melchizedek priesthood.

4. This Dispensation was Necessary for the Deliverance of the "Spirit in Prison."
5. It was Necessary for the Regeneration of the American Indian.
6. It was Necessary for the Welding of the Ties of Family Love which Death had Broken for Ages.

II. What the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times Is

Paul defines a dispensation in Ephesians 1:9. The Prophet Joseph Smith is quoted as saying: Now the thing to be known is what the Fulness of Times means, or the extent and authority thereof. It means this: "That the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times is made up of all the Dispensations that ever have been given since the world began until this time. (See Compendium, page 143.) "This Dispensation of the Fulness of Times is a period in which all things will be restored to their proper order or condition." (Compendium, page 144.) "The term, Dispensation of the Fulness of Times, refers to the latter days, when the fulness of the gospel will be revealed, and the holy priesthood be restored to the earth. Under its direction the work of restoration will commence and be fully consummated, through the great plan of redemption for man and the earth, which was decided in the councils of Heaven before the foundations of the earth were laid. (Compendium, 146.)

The Dispensation of the Fulness of Times may be called the final gospel period of preparation of the earth for the abode of Christ, the bringing about of a universal condition which obtained at the close of the Adamic dispensation; the people were pure in heart with material, social and spiritual environments, like that of the city of Enoch, a Zion of which the Lord said, "Mine abode forever." (Pearl of Great Price.)

III. Preparatory Agencies for the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times

There were two major preparatory agencies for this Dispensation of the Fulness of Times, the Reformation and the founding of the United States government.

1. The reformation bringing the printed word of God to the laity or the common people through the printing of the Bible in the vernacular of the people.

2. The United States government which put into its fundamental law, the Constitution of the United States, the provision which safeguards religious liberty.

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof;"—Article I, Constitution.

IV. The Operative Agencies

The operative agencies of this dispensation include:

1. The Godhead: The Father and the Son, the former opening the dispensation by introducing his son, the latter by being the official instructor of the dispensation of Joseph Smith.

2. Angels: Moroni, revealing the Book of Mormon; Michael or Adam, revealing the deception of Satan; John the Baptist restoring the Aaronic Priesthood; Peter and James conferring the keys of the Melchizedek Priesthood; Gabriel or Noah, Raphael, Moses, Elijah, and other resurrected beings.

3. A translated being—John the Revelator, who assisted Peter and James in restoring the Melchizedek Priesthood.

4. A group of men with Joseph the Prophet standing in the lead.

5. And then, more than all, excepting the Father and the Son, has been the third member of the Godhead, the Holy Ghost, a personage of spirit, the recorder in heaven, and testifier on earth, the giver of spiritual gifts. The final factor is that newness of life which comes through being born of the water and the spirit.

Questions and Problems

1. Which of the Articles of Faith most closely correlate with the constitutional provision granting and protecting religious liberty?

2. Give the theological meaning of the phrase, "Fulness of Times."

3. Which of the necessities for this dispensation do you consider the greatest?

4. Name some of the outstanding characters of the Reformation.

5. Wherein was the Reformation a preparatory agency for the gospel dispensation?

6. Mention the angels who were agencies in bringing about the dispensation.

7. What is the dispensational meaning of the Fulness of Times?

8. Tell what you can about the special mission of the angels of this dispensation.

9. Speak of the Holy Ghost as an agency.

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Second Week in January)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR JANUARY—HOME

I. The Home is a divine institution.
   a. Crowning glory of eternal progress.

II. Foundation of civilization.
   a. Strength of a nation dependent upon stability of the home.

III. Most potent factor in the life of the individual.

"There can be no happiness separate and apart from the home, and every effort made to sanctify and preserve its influence is uplifting to those who toil and sacrifice for its establishment. There is no happiness without service and there is no service greater than that which converts the home into a divine institution."—*Gospel Doctrine*, page 375.

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in January)

LEW SARETT

Lew Sarett has written three books *Many, Many Moons,* the *Box of God* and *Slow Smoke.* These books reveal his intimacy with the Indians, his knowledge of the life of woodsmen and trappers and above all else his intense love of wild nature, for he has had close contact with animals in the wilds and with the haunts of the wild creature. He is frequently called a woodsman, and although he is a man of college training, at present holding a professorship in Northwestern University, at Evanston, near Chicago, every year he goes back for three or four months into the forest and renews his acquaintance with life in the woods.

His knowledge of wild life is so intimate that between his power of sketching and his power of mimicry he can create a forest on a stage and fill it with animals so that his audience can hear their strange cries.

A well known daily trying to give an idea of this man's knowledge and appreciation of the outdoors writes the following account:

"Lew Sarett is an interesting character, as virile and winning and interesting as the wild life from which he comes. Out of ten years of thrilling experience in the pathless Canadian forest, he pours his story of wilderness folk and wilderness ways of trails, tepees and tenderfeet. For several months of each year he worked in the Indian country of northern Minnesota and Ontario, Canada, and in the Rocky Mountains as a woodsman, a teacher of woodcraft, swimming and canoeing in sportmen's camps and as a forest ranger.

"Here he became the friend and comrade of the rugged, primitive men of the Canadian frontier, the trail blazers of the north. Here in the silent spaces of the great woods, he learned the secret of woodland life and woodland beasts. Here in the land of the "Great Spirit" he learned the ways of his friends, the Chippewa Indians.

"From his experiences in the great woods, he has secured material for his fascinating lecture and inspiration for poems and articles which have been published by leading publications. Work in the great woods furnished the money for Lew Sarett's education, and he used it well. He is a graduate of Beloit College and the law school of the University of Illinois and he has taken post graduate work at Harvard and the University of Michigan."

Lew Sarett was born May 16, 1888 in Chicago, Illinois, and reared in the State of Michigan and in the Lake Superior country.

While he took a degree in law from the University of Illinois in 1916, he never practiced for the reason as he expressed it, that "foot-loose adventures in the woods ruined him for any confined work." Since the age of sixteen he has spent much of his life in the Rocky Mountains and in the Canadian north. For eight years he worked as both woodsman and guide in that region. He has been a United States ranger and still spends part time in the remote districts of the national parks. He understands the frontiers and the folk of the frontiers as very few understand them. His first volume, *Many, Many Moons*, appeared in 1920. He calls it a book of wilderness poems and such it turns out to be, for it has captured the peculiar thought of the Indian as well as the spiritual values of nature in its untamed aspects. The *Box of God*, a lengthy poem, was published in 1921. It received the Levinson prize offered for poetry. It became the title poem for a volume in 1922, of which Mr. Untermeyer says, "Even the lyrics echo the wood sounds and scenes which are familiar to the Indian, even though it is not the Indian himself which speaks. Here are flute notes as well as the rattle of dried gourds and the daily insistence of the tom-tom."

Sarett's more recent poetry turns to social themes. His volume *Slow Smoke*, which was issued in 1925, gives a deeper insight into life than do his earlier poems.

Lew Sarett is a married man with children. The volume *Slow Smoke* is dedicated to his son, Lew Sarett, Jr. He refuses to live in the city of Chicago. He says no place is much more offensive to him than one of the well-known crossings on State Street, Chicago, which has the reputation of being, perhaps, the busiest corner in the world. He and his family hie to the mountains and there in front of a log fire, where the swaying of boughs may be heard and the song of birds, they read wholesome books in a wholesome manner, and are protected from the life of cheap commercial amusement so prevalent in cities.

"Four Little Foxes" is one of the poems that expresses his love for the wild things. There is a tenderness that sounds almost as if he were speaking of human kind:

Four Little Foxes

Speak gently, Spring, and make no sudden sound:
For in my windy valley, yesterday I found
New-born foxes squirming on the ground—
    Speak gently.

Walk softly, March, forbear the bitter blow;
Her feet within a trap, her blood upon the snow,
The four little foxes saw their mother go—
    Walk softly.

Go lightly, Spring, oh, give them no alarm;
When I covered them with boughs to shelter them from harm
The thin, blue foxes suckled at my arm—
Go lightly.

Step softly, March, with your rampant hurricane;
Nuzzling one another, and whimpering with pain,
The new little foxes are shivering in the rain—
Step softly.

"Hang Me Among Your Winds" is a nature poem that breathes the deeply religious feeling of the author.

HANG ME AMONG YOUR WINDS

Hang me among your winds, O God,
Above the tremulous stars,
Like a harp of quivering silver strings,
Showering, as it swings,
Its tuneful bars
Of eerie music on the earth.
Play over me, God,
Your cosmic melodies:
The gusty overture for Spring's
Caprice and wayward April's mirth;
The sensuous serenade
Of summer, languid in the alder glade;
The wistful symphonies
Of Autumn; and Winter's rhapsodies
Among the drifted dunes—
Her lullabies and her torrential tunes
Moody with wild cadenzas, with fitful stress
And poignant soundlessness.

"To a Grove of Silver Birches" is another example of his love of nature.

TO A GROVE OF SILVER BIRCHES

Good morning, lovely ladies! I've never seen
You half so fair,—I swear;
How beautiful your gowns of apple-green!
And the ribbons in your hair!

What rapture do you await? What coming swain?
Such rustling of petticoats!
Such wagging of heads and prinking in the rain!
Such fluttering at your throats!

Dear, winsome vestals, your flurry is no whim.
I know your sly design;
And why the sap goes pulsing up each limb
Sparkling as apple wine.

O ladies, trick you in your gala-best;
For out of the ardent South,
Young April comes with a passion in his breast,
And a kiss upon his mouth.

His poem "Feud" is suggestive of the clash of life that follows as one creature preys upon another, even though that creature be the hunter.

Feud

Poor wayworn creature! O sorely harried deer,
What drove you, quivering like a poplar-blade,
To refuge with my herd? What holds you here
Within my meadow, broken and afraid?

Tilting your nose to tainted air, you thrill
And freeze to wailing wolves! For you the sound
Of the coyotes eager for a tender kill?
Or yet the baying of the hunter's hound?

Let fall your anguish, harried one, and rest;
Bed yourself down among your kin, my cattle;
Sleep unperturbed, no spoiler shall molest
You here this night, for I shall wage your battle.

"When the Round Buds Brim" reminds us of the various seasons of the year.

When the Round Buds Brim

When April showers stain
The hills with mellow rain,
The quaking aspen tree,
So delicate, so slim,
In glittering wet festoons,
Is a lovely thing to see—
When the round buds brim
And burst their fat cocoons,
Like caterpillars, clean,
And cool, and silver-green,
Uncurling on the limb.
And lovely when September,
With magic pigment dyes
The aspen stems with wings
Of flimsy butterflies—

When the frosted leaf swings
Its gold against the sun
And dances on the bough.
But when in bleak November
The latest web is spun,
And the gold has turned to dun,—
When winds of winter call
And the bare tree answers
As the last leaves fall
Like crumpled moths,—oh, now
How sad it is to look
Upon the leaves in the brook—
So many tattered hosts,
So many haggard ghosts,
So many broken dancers.

"Let Me Go Down to Dust" is one of Sarett's deeply religious poems.

Let Me Go Down to Dust

Let me go down to dust and dreams
Gently, O Lord, with never a fear
Of death beyond the day that is done;
In such a manner as beseems
A kinsman of the wild, a son
Of stoic earth whose race is run.
Let me go down as any deer,
Who, broken by a desperate flight,
Sinks down to slumber for the night—
Dumbly serene in certitude
That it will rise again at dawn,
Buoyant, refreshed of limb, renewed,
And confident that it will thrill
To-morrow to its nuzzling fawn,
To the bugle-notes of elk upon the hill.

Let me go down to dreams and dust
Gently, O Lord, with quiet trust
And the fortitude that marks a child
Of earth, a kinsman of the wild.
Let me go down as any doe
That nods upon its ferny bed,
And, lulled to slumber by the flow
Of talking water, the muffled brawl
Of far cascading waterfall,
At last lets down its weary head
Deep in the brookmints in the glen;
And under the starry-candled sky,
With never the shadow of a sigh,
Gives its worn body back to earth again.

Questions and Problems

1. What do you think of the character of the poet from reading his verse?
2. Quote some lines that reveal his tenderness for the dumb creatures.
3. Do you think he has caught the characteristics of the various months he mentions in "When Round Buds Brim?"
4. Are your sympathies aroused for the hunted deer? Do you feel that the poet wishes to help us to love all of God's creatures?
5. Do you think his love for God has been increased by contact with nature and the animals and birds that live in the wilds? If so, why?

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in January)

THE CHILD-STUDY COURSE

A Few Words About the Text

A unique bit of philanthropy has made possible *The Child: His Nature and His Needs,* the 500-page volume which the Relief Society has adopted as its text-book for the Child-study Course for the ensuing two years. The book is published by the Children's Foundation of Valparaiso, Indiana, and has been prepared by a number of eminent authorities, under the editorial supervision of Dr. M. V. O'Shea, professor of education at the University of Wisconsin.

The book is, without doubt, the most complete survey of present day knowledge concerning child nature and the methods of promoting the well-being and education of the young, that has ever appeared in one volume in our language.

The book, which sells for $1.25 postpaid (from the Relief Society Headquarters), is available for only a small fraction of its actual manufacturing cost, by reason of a large gift made to the Trustees of the Children's Foundation—a non-profit making corporation chartered by the state of Indiana in 1921.

The Children's Foundation has for its objects, we learn, "the study of the child and the dissemination of knowledge promotive of the well-being of children." In the volume referred to, the Foundation has assumed the task of telling the reader "what is wheat and what is chaff" in our present day knowledge of the nature, well-being and education of children. It thus seeks to make this reliable information available to all persons, everywhere, "who are in immediate contact with children, fashioning their intellect; moulding their character, and influencing their physical development."

In the preparation of this volume a large group of experts have collaborated, all with one purpose. At the time each of the specialists was asked to write a chapter on his particular subject; the Foundation said at the outset, "It is expected that you will make a survey of what is known in your special department, and will present this knowledge in such phases and in such form that it can be readily understood and its information appreciated by those who are actually in contact with childhood and youth. It is further expected that you will show how the knowledge which you present related concretely and practically to the every-day problems of dealing with the young."

The book is written and its material organized on the assumption that a gulf exists between our knowledge of the nature and needs of the young and our practice in their care, training and treatment. That is to say, much more information is available on these subjects than is usually made use of. Hence, the attempt to sum up, interpret and apply the results of the outstanding experiments and investigations of recent years, regarding the nature and needs of childhood and youth, physically, intellectually and morally.

The book has three main parts:

I. Present status of our knoweldge of child nature (7 chapters).

II. Present status of our knowledge of child well-being (8 chapters).

III. Present status of our knowledge of education (6 chapters).

Each part opens with a chapter entitled, "Bridging the Gap," etc., between our knowledge and our practice.

At the end of the volume is an excellent list of books for further reading. There is also an excellent sketch of the life and work of each one of the experts whose separate chapters make up the volume.

Each issue of the *Relief Society Magazine* will contain one lesson-outline. As far as possible each lesson will cover one entire chapter.

LESSON I

How Science is Bridging the Gap.
The Theory and Practice of Child Training.

Based on Chapter I. *The Child: His Nature and His Needs.*

The first of the three parts of our text attempts to sum up and apply our present knowledge of child nature. It shows how the child's instincts, his intellect, his moral powers and his expressive abilities should be guided, if a strong character and a wholesome personality are to result. The suggestions for teaching and parental guidance are concrete and very practical.

The first chapter in Part One, however, is introductory. Some readers may, therefore, find it dry and hard to understand. For those who have not enjoyed the advantages of higher education, or have given little or no previous thought to these subjects, it is recommended that pages 1 to 16 be omitted, and that chapter one be considered as beginning on page 17, the thirteenth line from the top.

The author of this chapter, Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, Director of

the Iowa Child Welfare Research Station, is one of the most eminent authorities in the world on the nature and problems of the pre-school child, i. e., the child between two and six years. (The reader will do well to read the biographical sketch of Dr. Baldwin which appears on page 489 of the text.) In the event any of our groups are especially interested in this pre-school education movement, it is suggested that they write to Dr. Baldwin at the University of Iowa, Iowa City, for literature on the subject.

In this chapter, Dr. Baldwin's main point is: that the "science and practice of child development and training are more intimately associated today than ever before in the history of psychology and education. This means that many far-reaching changes in education will result. We must be sure, therefre, that teachers and parents alike are changing their methods of child training in order to keep pace with this advance.

A. *Experiments in Applying the Principles. Individual Development to School Promotion.*

(Pages 17 to 20)

Have you ever stopped to think how we all differ from one another in size, strength, appearance, memory, perseverance, rate of learning, and in a thousand or more other different ways? And have you not wondered why, in view of these differences, children are taught in large classes as though they were identical with one another?

If individuals differ so widely, why do we not attempt more individual guidance of children, both in and out of school? Perhaps it is because such individual guidance would be too costly. Perhaps it is because teachers and most parents do not fully grasp the meaning of this fact. Certain it is that individual differences are, within certain limits, to be sure, greatly to be encuraged, since society places a premium upon originality and offers large rewards in money and prestige to those who possess it.

The school and the teacher, however, have not been slow to recognize the need for permitting the child to learn at his own best rate and to develop in those directions in which he has original talent.

Many excellent experiments have been performed, and are still in progress, which seek to point out how best to organize the school so as to permit of this individualized guidance and training.

It is to these experiments, described in the text as the Dalton plan, the Batavia plan, the Winnetka plan, etc., that the reader's atention is called.

Questions

1. What are the main points about these plans just referred to? How do they differ from one another?

2. Are any of these, or other similar experiments, being tried in your community? Make it a point to enquire of your local superintendent or principal on this point. They will welcome your interest in the matter, you may be assured.

B. *The Open Mind and the Spirit of Inquiry.*

(Pages 20 to 22)

"During the next decade we must look, in the main, to experimental education and educational practice as the chief sources for the discovery and formulation of new principles," says Dr. Baldwin. That is to say, what is sound in child-training must be a matter of fact and no longer a matter of opinion. The science of education is thus attempting to guide us out of the realm of practice based upon tradition and rule-of-thumb, to a system of child-training based upon verified principles.

It was Pestalozzi and Froebel, as the author points out, who first taught us how to test and prove our theories in education. Since the time of these men, however, there has developed what might be called an "experimental tradition" in education; the spirit and practice of trying out new ideas and testing their worth. So strong has this tradition become that many schools which were formerly called "training schools," are now called "laboratory schools." That is, instead of merely training teachers how to teach, these schools are now experimenting under laboratory (i. e. scientific) conditions with the "what to teach" and the "how to teach."

The outstanding laboratory schools in the United States are referred to and briefly described by the author. From this description the reader will gain some idea of the splendid work that now is going on in this field.

It is not to much to hope that each state, sooner or later, will maintain, at least one laboratory school, in order to contribute to the general movement and to study local problems. This, we understand, is the purpose of the William M. Stewart School at the University of Utah, and the Training School at the Brigham Young University.

Questions

1. Give an example or two of child-training practice based on opinion, and one or two based on fact.

2. What is meant by the author's statement (page 22) that "our laboratory schools of today are based on the principles of cooperative research and cooperative training"?

C. *Physical Development and School Progress.*

(Pages 22 to 30)

The basis of a strong character and a wholesome personality is a normal, healthy body. Teachers and parents know this, even though they sometimes neglect it.

It has long been agreed that the best single index of good health and nutrition in childhood is the weight and height of the child for his age. Dr. Baldwin and Dr. Thomas D. Wood have made it easy for parents and teachers to ascertain how a given child compares with other children in this matter, by consulting the weight-height-age tables for boys and girls up to 19 years of age, on pages 24 and 25 of the text. Every reader with children will therefore do well to measure and weigh her children, according to the method described in the text (page 26) and to satisfy herself in regard to such danger signs as excessive over and under weight.

Too long has the school determined a child's promotion and his mental development by the number of years he has lived. It is an established fact that some children mature faster, and some slower than the majority. This being true, children should be graded in school according to their combined chronological age, rather than upon one of these alone.

It has been determined scientifically that the degree of physical maturity has a great deal to do with mental development and the ability to do school work. Dr. Baldwin's results indicate clearly that as a general rule good mental development accompanies good physical growth during childhood. Dr. Lewis M. Terman, of Stanford University, recently announced similar results following an exhaustive study of genius, viz., that mentally superior children are more often physically superior than children of average mentality.

Questions

1. Wherein is it sound (or unsound) to recommend that tall, well-developed children be promoted "as rapidly as thoroughness and educational accomplishments will permit"? What are the dangers of "double-promotions," "repeating a grade," etc.? Discuss local instances of this practice.

2. What is the basis of grading pupils in the schools of your community? If you do not know, ask your local principal.

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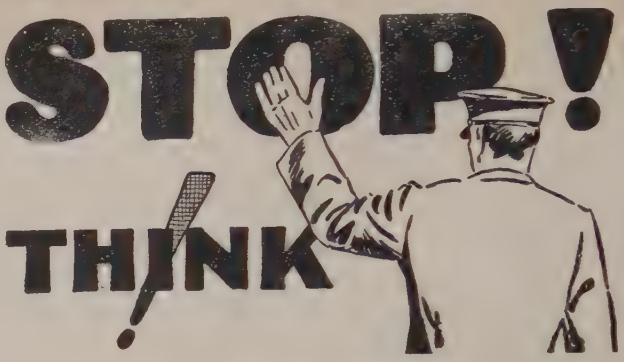

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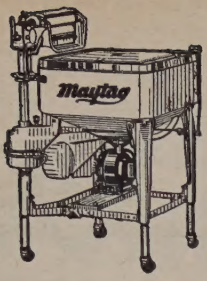

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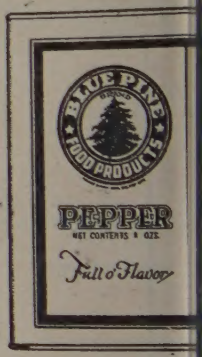

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